

The Musical World.

(PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY AT NOON.)

A RECORD OF THE THEATRES, CONCERT ROOM, MUSIC, LITERATURE, FINE ARTS, FOREIGN INTELLIGENCE, &c.

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GOETHE'S EPIGRAMS FROM VENICE—(1790.)

IN ELEGIAC VERSE.

Money spent, and time as well—
How—this little book will tell.

XLIV.

Yes, I have lived to behold mad times, and I have not neglected
Oft to be foolish myself, just as the times have required.

J. O.

VIVIER.

THE brilliant success of this celebrated performer at the popular concerts of M. Jullien has induced Mr. Stammers, the projector and manager of the Wednesday Concerts, to conclude an engagement with him for five concerts. M. Vivier will make his *debut* at Exeter Hall on Wednesday evening next. The spirit and enterprise of Mr. Stammers, who spares no pains or expense to render his concerts attractive to the public, merit every encouragement, and we have little doubt that his liberality in adding the powerful name of M. Vivier to the already large attractions of his programmes will turn out to be a step as profitable as it is bold. Vivier's name alone is enough to make a bill; but Vivier, Sims Reeves, and Thalberg together, ought to draw musical London in a body to the Wednesday Concerts.

THE BEETHOVEN ROOMS.

Our readers will be pleased to know that the Beethoven Rooms are again open for the advantage of concert givers. M. Rousselot has already engaged them for the meetings of the Beethoven Quartet Society during the season forthcoming, and there is every reason to suppose that most of the fashionable *soirées* in the spring and summer will be held there.

The Beethoven Rooms were fitted up last year by M. Jullien—who held the house in Harley-street, of which they constitute a portion, upon lease—in splendid style; regardless of pains and expense the enterprising *chef-d'orchestre*, who had just entered upon the lease of Drury Lane Theatre, had thought of and provided everything for the comfort and convenience of the public, and the artistes who were in the habit of engaging the Rooms for their *soirées*, since the period when, so to speak, they were consecrated, under the auspices of the late Mr. Alsager, by the first public performance of the Beethoven Quartet Society. In respect to acoustical advantages, moreover, M. Jullien had consulted the most competent authorities, and had succeeded in accomplishing everything to render the Beethoven Rooms a perfect and unsurpassable *locale* for the performance of chamber music. Naturally enough, the public and the artistes were equally pleased, and the Beethoven Rooms were rapidly gaining vogue, when the unlucky Opera season at Drury Lane Theatre occasioned the misfortunes of M. Jullien, and placed him at the mercy of rapacious usurers and pettifogging attorneys.

The Beethoven Rooms, of course, being the temporary property of M. Jullien, were destined to share the fate of his other goods and chattels. An Israelite obtained, by stratagem, an execution on the house in Harley-street, and, with obstinacy worthy of a priest of Dagon, spared nothing it contained. The furniture, which had been collected with so much pains and research, was all put up for sale; the fixtures were demolished, even to the dome, which had been constructed in the middle of the ceiling, to give a better effect to the execution of the quartets; the grand pianoforte, upon which the lamented Mendelssohn played when he last performed in this country,* was thrust among the pots and pans, and exposed, with the plaster bust of Beethoven, which was wont to look benignantly on the performances from its pedestal, to the hungry gaze of avaricious speculators and unconscionable old-clothesmen. And, indeed, what were these to the modern Shylock? what was Mendelssohn to him but so much per cent.? what Beethoven but the representative of pelf! They were worth just so much as they would fetch, to the Hebrew, and no more.

Fate, however, ordained that the hand of the devastating son of Levi should be stayed from defiling the sanctuary. A protecting angel hovered silently, in a retired corner of the auction room, and from time to time, whenever a property of the Beethoven Rooms was in question, made a sign to one of the busy purchasers, who outbid all bidders, and secured it straight; Mendelssohn's grand pianoforte, the bust of Beethoven, the portraits of many well-known artistes, and in short, every interesting object belonging to the Rooms, were thus saved from the ravenous mouths of Mammon.

Mr. Smith, proprietor of the house in Harley-street, was the gentleman who purchased, or rather caused to be purchased, all the furniture, fixtures, &c., of the Beethoven Rooms; and now, with a liberality truly English and a confidence quite cosmopolitan, he has offered M. Jullien the advantage of resuming possession of the house, and managing it on Mr. Smith's account until the time when M. Jullien shall be enabled to repay him the sum expended in rescuing those valuable objects from the grasp of the many mouthed Gideonites. It is hardly necessary to add that M. Jullien has accepted this munificent proposal.

The musical profession is thus under a deep obligation to Mr. Smith, who has not only shewed himself a true friend to M. Jullien, but to the art of which M. Jullien is a follower; for it is incontrovertible that the Beethoven Rooms are the best adapted in London, in all respects for quartets and chamber music, in consequence of their architectural form and dimensions—to say nothing of the labor, taste, and money that have been expended in making them commodious and comfortable.

* At the "Mendelssohn Matinée," given in honor of the great musician, by M. Rousselot, and the Beethoven Quartet Society, in the summer of 1847.

To conclude:—thanks to Mr. Smith, the Beethoven Rooms are restored to all their ancient glory, and, under the excellent management of M. Jullien, are again open to the public and the profession. M. Rousselot leads the way, with the Beethoven Quartet Society; in his wake will follow many well-known artists, with many well-known schemes, and we trust to begin many and many a *compte rendu*, next season, with the words—"Mr. — gave a *soirée musicale* on —, in the Beethoven Rooms, which were crowded to excess."

WINCKLEMANN'S HISTORY OF ANCIENT ART.

(Translated from the German.)

BOOK I.

OF THE ORIGIN OF ART, AND THE CAUSES OF ITS DIFFERENCE IN DIFFERENT NATIONS.

CHAP. II.

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 737.)

I. Now we have shown the origin of art, and the material on which it is employed, the consideration of the influence of climate upon art, of which our third section treats, brings us nearer to the difference of art among the nations who have practised it, and practise it still.

II. By the influence of climate, we mean the effect of the situation of the different countries, and of their temperature and nutrition upon the cultivation of the inhabitants, and even upon their mode of thinking. "Climate," says Polybius, "forms the manners, shape, and complexion of nations."

III. With respect to the first point, namely, the cultivation of man, we are convinced by our eyes, that the soul and character of a nation are often represented in the face, and that as Nature has separated large kingdoms and lands from each other by means of mountains and rivers, she has also, in her variety, distinguished the inhabitants of these countries by particular features, while in very remote lands there is a distinction in other parts of the body as well as in the stature itself. Other animals, in their kind do not more differ than men, according to the nature of their lands, and some have made the remark that they share the peculiarities of the inhabitants.

IV. The formation of the face is as various as language, and even as the dialects of language, and these obtain their variety by the means of the organs of speech; so that in cold countries the nerves are necessarily stiffer, and less rapid than in warmer lands. If, therefore, the Chinese and Japanese, the Greenlanders and different people of America are without alphabetical letters, this must be attributed to the same cause. Hence all the northern languages have more monosyllables, and more are overloaded with consonants, the combination and utterance of which are difficult, nay, partly impossible to other nations.

V. In the various texture and foundation of the organs of speech a celebrated writer* looks for the difference of the dialects in the Italian language. "From the reason alleged, (he says) the Lombards who are born in the northern parts of Italy, have a rough and abbreviated mode of expression; the Tuscans and Romans speak in a more measured tone, while the Neapolitans, who enjoy a still warmer sky, cause the vowels to be heard more than the others, and speak with a fuller mouth." Those who become acquainted with many nations, distinguish them as correctly and infallibly by the formation of the face as by the language,

* Graviua.

and this distinction is still observable in children and grandchildren, although they are born in other countries, to which their families have emigrated.

VI. From the earlier maturity of the youth in warmer countries any one comprehends how much more powerful is the operation of Nature than in perfecting our species, and the fire in the more lively color of the eyes, which is here more black or brown, than under a cold sky, may serve to shew the advantages in this respect to those who cannot make the experiment. This distinction is manifested in the hair of the head and beard, as both of them in the warmer countries have a finer growth from childhood upward, so that the greater part of the children in Italy are born with fine curly hair, which is preserved even in advancing years. All the beards, too, are curly, full, and finely flowing, while those of the pilgrims who come to Rome from the other side of the Alps are stiff, shaggy, unsurled, and pointed, so that in the land of these privileged idlers it would be difficult to find such a beard as we see in the heads of the old Greek philosophers. In pursuance of this observation, the ancient artists have represented the Gauls and Celts with straight hair, as may be seen in different monuments, especially in two sitting statues, representing captive warriors of these nations, in the villa of Cardinal Alexander Albani. While on the subject of hair, I take occasion to remark, that in warm countries fair hair is not so frequent as in cold regions, though it is still common; and beauties of this delicate hue may be found in both. There is, however, this distinction, that in the warm countries this color more completely falls into the whitish, which gives a cold and insipid appearance to this complexion.

VII. Since now man has always been the chief subject of art and artists, these have—in every country—given their figures the countenances of their nation. That antique art has assumed a different form according to the formation of the people, is proved by the relation between both in modern times. For German, Dutch, and French artists, when they do not go out of their own country and their own nature, may be as well known in their pictures as the Chinese and Tartars. Rubens, after living in Italy for many years, has constantly drawn his figures as if he had never quitted his native land, and this point might be confirmed by many other examples.

VIII. The formation of the present Egyptians would appear now just as it is seen in the works of their ancient art; but the similarity between the nation and its image is no longer the same that it was. For, if the greater number of the Egyptians were as stout and fat as the inhabitants of Cairo are described to be, one could not, from the old figures, deduce the peculiarity of their bodies in ancient times, which appears to be contrary to that at the present day; though we may observe, that even the ancients described the Egyptians as having stout, fat bodies. The climate is always the same, but the land and the inhabitants may take an altered form. For if we consider that the present Egyptians are a foreign race of men, who have introduced their own language, and that their religion, their form of government, and mode of life are precisely the opposite to that which they were formerly, we shall easily comprehend the different corporeal peculiarities. The incredibly abundant population made the old Egyptians temperate and industrious; their food consisted of fruit rather than flesh, and hence the bodies could not be covered with much fat. On the contrary, the present inhabitants of this country have sunk into indolence, and only wish to live without work, which causes the thick layer of flesh.

IX. The same remark may be made with respect to the Greeks of the present day. For, setting aside the fact, that

their blood has for some years been mingled with that of many nations, who have settled among them, we may easily perceive that their present constitution, mode of education, instruction, and manner of thought, may also have an influence on their formation. In spite of all these injurious circumstances, the present Greek race is still famed for its beauty, as to which all attentive travellers are agreed; and the nearer nature approximates to the Greek climate the more beautiful, sublime, and powerful is it in the formation of human children.

(To be continued.)

SONNET.

NO. CXII.

DEMOCRITUS.

Why laughest thou, as if the world were made
For thine amusement, and for nothing more,—
A strange, fantastic scene, thou may'st scan o'er
By nought attracted, and of nought afraid;
As if all men were only puppets play'd
By some dull showman, while thou stand'st before,
In thy deep wisdom, deigning to explore
The senseless riddles that are shown or said.
Thou know'st thy smile is fashion'd to conceal
The bitterness that rankles in thy heart,
When 'er thy laughing glances wander round,
Thou know'st thy bosom is not cased in steel,
But in this world thou hast so much a part,
No look can reach thee, but it strikes a wound.

N. D.

MUSIC AT MANCHESTER.

HARGREAVE'S CHORAL SOCIETY.

(From our own Correspondent.)

The second concert for the present season (the eighth from the commencement) of the Hargreave's Choral Society, took place in the Free Trade Hall, on Thursday, the 30th ultimo. The following was the programme:—

PART I.

Overture,—"Euryanthe,".....Weber.
Chorus,—"Now by days retiring lamp,".....Sir H. R. Bishop.
Duet,—"Io Pudir," Misses Williams, (Torquato Tasso)...Donizetti.
Choral Fantasia,—"Pianoforte obligato, Mr. C. Hallé,.....Beethoven.
Ballad,—"Fair summer eve," Miss M. Williams,.....W. Maynard.
German Glee,—"Spring is come,".....Mendelssohn.
Scena,—"Ocean thou mighty monster," Miss A. Williams, Weber.
Chorus,—"Sweet peace descending," (Idomeneo).....Mozart.

PART II.

Overture,—"Il Barbiere di Siviglia,".....Rossini.
Glee,—"Strike the lyre,".....T. Cooke.
Aria,—"Ah! rendimi quel core," Miss A. Williams,
(Mitrane).....Rossi, 1686.
Solo,—"Pianoforte, Mr. C. Hallé, selection from "Songs
without words,".....Mendelssohn.
German Glee,—"The Hunters's Farewell," (Instrumental
Accompaniment).....Mendelssohn.
Ballad,—"The Shepherd of the Mountain," Miss A. Williams, Panzeron.
Madrigal,—"Maidens fair, of Padua's city,".....Gastoldi.
Duet,—"The Swiss Maidens," Misses Williams,.....Holmes.
Grand Chorus,—"Hail Mighty Master," (Ruins of Athens) Beethoven.

As will be seen from the selection given, it was of a miscellaneous secular character, and it is but rarely that the Hargreave's Society, whose chief strength is best exhibited in the sacred concerts or oratorios, can give so satisfactory a concert of this kind. When we first heard that the Misses Williams were the only principal vocalists engaged, we had some misgivings that there would be a meagre bill of fare for want of relief or variety, but when we saw the excellent programme as here given, we had better hopes, which were more than realized by the performance; indeed we may say that the only drawback was a slight hitch at the commence-

ment. Our most indefatigable conductor, who is as punctual as Jullien himself, could not, or rather did not like to commence the overture punctually at seven, in consequence of the non arrival of the Misses Williams: this caused a delay of some ten minutes or a quarter of an hour, which elicited greater symptoms of impatience amongst the Hargreaves auditory (who of course knew nothing of the cause of the delay) than we ever saw shown before; at length, however, the ladies having arrived, the overture to *Euryanthe* commenced, and was played with such spirit, as speedily to restore the audience to good humour.

Bishop's much hackneyed chorus, "Now by days retiring lamp," was perhaps never more perfectly given: often as it is sung in this city, it is rarely heard with full orchestral accompaniments, and the effect of band and chorus together, was most satisfactory. Then came the young ladies who had caused the delay, but had the whole audience known it, they would very soon have forgiven them, or forgotten the fact in listening to their dulcet strains, when warbling together in Donizetti's "Io Pudir." It is some four years now since that we first heard these ladies in Macfarren's "Two Merry Gipsies are We," and similar light and pleasing duets, and we have great pleasure in remarking what rapid progress they have made since then, and to see the high stand they now take in their profession, to which they are suitable by their admirable elocution and delivery of their words, no less than by their clever vocalization and sweet voices, to say nothing of their lady-like deportment and appearance in an orchestra. We were indeed no little surprised at the power they displayed in the forte passages in the duet in question—they made the vast Hall ring again, and they were loudly applauded at the close. The greatest feature of the concert, was, unquestionably, Beethoven's inimitable Choral Fantasia, which first introduced to the Hargreave's audience Mr. Charles Hallé—we now heard this glorious work for the third time, and we were now more enchanted with it than ever, at the same time we must do justice to all concerned in its performance—the solo pianist, the orchestral soloist, the choir and the band in general—by saying that we never before heard it given so efficiently.

Mr. Charles Hallé may rank with the very first of pianoforte players, (yet, like Thalberg, he is modest and unassuming) we do not believe that any pianist in existence could have given greater effect to Beethoven's Fantasia. Mr. Royal deserves a word of praise for his bit of flute solo, the oboe also, and the clarinet and bassoon were good, and the effect when the chorus came in with the divine melody that Beethoven has treated in such a masterly manner, was beyond conception. Mr. Hallé afterwards expressed his delight at the performance of the choral portion of this wonderful composition; the attention of the audience had been so absorbed by it, and their feelings so excited, that we almost felt sorry for Miss M. Williams when she came immediately afterwards to sing her ballad, the very nature of the music being so tame in comparison; she sang it so charmingly, however, there was nothing to be sorry about. Mendelssohn's Glee is a very pleasing affair, and was given by all the voices with precision, and light and shade, that the chorus of the Hargreaves Society is now becoming celebrated for. "Ocean thou mighty Monster," is one of the most difficult scenas, and requiring perhaps more power to give effect to it than any Weber ever wrote, and we quite expected to find that Miss A. Williams had overtaken herself in making such a selection: not so, however, she sang it admirably throughout, and well deserved the warm plaudits that followed it. Mozart's Chorus made a good finish to the first part.

With the second part, we must be more brief. The much played overture to *Il Barbiere* had justice done to it by the band. Tom Cooke's Glee is one of the most successful masterpieces of the Hargreave's Choir; it was encored. Miss M. Williams sang Rossi's ancient air very sweetly. Mr. Hallé delighted the audience by his reading or singing on the pianoforte, some of Mendelssohn's *Lieder ohne Worte*: in his hands they were most delightful to listen to. We are not sufficiently familiar with them to particularize which of the songs without words, he gave, but the performance was so masterly as to cause the most unanimous encore, when he gave two others in the same splendid style. Mendelssohn's Second Glee with the French horn accompaniment is not equal to the one in the first part: it was well sung, so was the madrigal, and in the duet by Holmes, "On the Wild rocky Alps," the Misses Williams gave a most delightful specimen of what they can do in singing together; it was perfect, and an encore was the well merited reward. "Hail Mighty Master," we do not like so well as "Crown ye the Altars," from the same piece, the "Ruins of Athens," but like all the Hargreave's Choir attempted on this occasion it was successfully performed, and reflects no little credit on Mr. John Waddington the conductor. Mr. Seymour was at his post as leader, and as efficient as ever. The Hall was very well filled. The next concert we see is fixed for January the 11th, we suppose a sacred one, let us hope an oratorio. Meantime all Manchester is on the *qui vive* about the two Lind concerts on the 19th and 21st. instant, for a new wing to our Royal Infirmary. The first at the Concert Hall, for which every seat ticket is already taken at a guinea each. The second at the Free Trade Hall, where there are three prices, fifteen, ten, and five, and for which, also, the tickets are rapidly selling.

Henry Russell gives two of his vocal entertainments at the Free Trade Hall on the 11th and 12th, and in Christmas week, Jullien comes for three performances, at the same place, on the 26th, 27th, and 30th, when his unrivalled Band are to treat the Manchester folks with his Drum Polka, his last arrangement of the National Anthem, and other novelties.

JENNY LIND AT GLOUCESTER.

(From our own Correspondent, Dec. 2.)

JENNY LIND has come to Gloucester. The Nightingale has paid us a visit. She came on Monday. The day shall be white in our annals. We are even as one of the cities of the blessed. But not as a common mortal has Jenny Lind appeared among us. Her advent was not unheralded by roaring Fame, and many-tongued Rumor. She settles not in our town like the shrinking bird after which she is named, escaping observation and eluding notice. But wither-soever Jenny goes, there goes with her some strange incident, some three-cornered circumstances, brought about for the nonce by mighty Fate, or mightier Friendship. Grisi and Albini, and Pauline Garcia may visit what city they list, yet will no out-of-the-way report spread its broad wings around their reputation, their future, or their daily life: but no sooner does the "Nightingale" alight on any place, it behoveth not where, than straightway multiple Fame blazons her abroad on the thirty-two points of the compass, and proclaims trumpet-tongue of her whereabouts and her thereabouts. Perhaps all this may be made more intelligible to you and your readers by the following extracts, which I have taken from a local paper, and send to you. It will give you some faint idea of the stir, the fuss, and the bustle Jenny creates when she enters a place. Read and print it if it seem good to you.

[We print the extract—Ed. M.-W.]

"Jenny Lind visited this city on Monday last. For some time past the "Swedish Nightingale" had been hovering at the places of fashionable resort on the confines of our neighbourhood; and a hope grew, that "stooping her wing," she would alight in Gloucester, amongst

'the vulgar sort of men
That come to gather money for their corn.'

"The announcement that an *artiste* so celebrated would appear at the Shire Hall threw the county into a whirl of excitement, for the intelligence was sent express to country friends through the penny-post, and scarcely a correspondent but had by return a commission to secure the very best places.

"Mademoiselle Lind arrived at the Bell Hotel, in this city, on Saturday, and in the afternoon, just as the farmers were thronging the streets, she proceeded in a carriage to the Cathedral. She was attended simply by the *chaperone* who travels with her, and nobody seems to have recognised the "illustrious stranger." Out of this visit, as we may mention by the way, grew a report which created a sensation in the evening, and even kindled a fear that the concert might be postponed through some untoward event. The story ran, that while Jenny Lind was kneeling at her prayers a letter was handed to her. It was sealed with black. She opened it with trembling hands; read it—then burst into tears. Her distress, it was added, continued during the service, and now and then an ample tear trilled down her cheeks. There is only one thing required to make the incident a meeting one—it is not true. Whatever may have been the contents of the letter which Mademoiselle Lind and her companion certainly did read while walking in the nave, this is clear that it did not deter them from wandering through the great maze of architectural beauties which the Cathedral comprehends. And while they were thus engaged the secret leaked out that Jenny Lind was at the Cathedral; the afternoon loungers rushed there with one accord; and on her departure she was mobbed—but then it was by respectable people.

"This incident, however, shrinks into nothingness compared with what happened at the cathedral on Sunday. The little bird which has whispered in the air from the time of the preacher, had told that Jenny Lind would attend Divine service. This drew an immense congregation in the morning, nor would there have been any harm in it, only the persons who composed it forgot that they were in a church. They forgot, too, common decency of manners; and in consequence, on the conclusion of the service, Jenny Lind was surrounded, crowded upon, stared at, with no more consideration than if she were one of the sea serpents native only in her country, and at last fairly driven against the corporation procession. Fortunately this brought the mayor to the lady's rescue, and his worship, having obtained more consideration for his office than the crowd had paid to the weakness of a woman, conducted her safely to her carriage. Madlle. Lind, we understand, was very much annoyed by the rudeness which she had suffered through her popularity; and, speaking in the name of society, we may reasonably regret it, especially as a lady would not have been insulted by such gross curiosity in any of those countries which we Englishmen regard as inferior to our own. In the afternoon, too, a crowd again assembled at the cathedral, but Madlle. Lind did not appear; indeed, people must have been ridiculously credulous to suppose she would, after such an *imbroglio* as that of the morning. A large portion of the crowd also, in their disappointment, sallied forth to St. Mary de Crypt Church, it having been whispered that Madlle. Lind would visit that church, as we understood she would have done; but fearing a repetition of the morning's proceedings, she went to Cheltenham."

"The concert was a very good one, and I need not tell you that Jenny Lind was the great star, "the Syria of the spheres," and that she bore the bore the bell from all the rest, and that she pleased immensely and universally. She is a delightful singer, and "so say all of us." She sang the "Perche non ho," from the *Lucia de Lammermoor*, the grand scena from the *Freischutz*, the "Casta Diva" from *Norma*, and the favorite "Singing Lesson," with Frederick Lablache. In each and all she was enthusiastically applauded, and created a corresponding impression. After all that has been said of her, it would be out of place here to discuss her pretensions, or enter into an analysis of her style and powers. All this has been done before by worthier hands than mine. It appears to me, however, all prejudice apart, that Jenny Lind is heard to far greater advantage in the concert room than on the stage: in truth, I should be tempted to say that, as a concert singer, I have not heard the "Nightingale's" superior.

In a room she does not force her voice so much as on the stage, and in consequence her tones sound more clear, and her singing is more easy and natural. Everybody seemed pleased with her, and I do not think any person went away disappointed.

On Tuesday the "Nightingale" gave an evening concert at Leamington. On Friday she sang at the theatre of the University, Oxford; from whence she was to proceed to Leeds, where, as you doubtless already know, she was about to give a concert for the benefit of the band and chorus who accompanied her on her provincial tour.

MUSIC AT BRIGHTON.

(From a Correspondent.)

HERR KUHE gave a concert at the Newburgh Rooms, which attracted a crowded and elegant audience. The vocalists were Miss Durlacher (Balfé's clever pupil), Herr Goldberg, and John Parry; the pianists were Herr Kuhe and his talented little pupil Miss Goddard, who, from the promise she already shows, bids fair to become an excellent player. Herr Kuhe, besides playing a duet with Miss Goddard, performed, with considerable execution Thalberg's *Don Pasquale* and a *Tarentella*, both of which pleased the audience greatly. Herr Goldberg sang the "Largo al factotum," with considerable energy, and John Parry created the usual merriment by his "Out of Town" and "Singing Lesson." Miss Durlacher, who, on this occasion made her first bow—we beg pardon, curtsy, we mean—before a Brighton audience, sang with considerable ease and great elegance of style, "O luce di quest'anima," from the *Linda*, "L'amor suo mi fi beata," from *Robert Devereux*, and Balfé's charming ballad, "Child of the Sun," from the *Bondman*, in all of which this young lady fully justified the good opinions expressed of her talent, at various times, in the *Musical World* and other journals. The "Brightonians" received Miss Durlacher at her *entré*, with great favour, and by their frequent and well-merited applause, testified the favourable impression her talent had made upon them. The concert gave very great satisfaction to all present.

MUSIC AT WORCESTER.

(From a Local Journal.)

THE Philharmonic Society, which we hope to see established on a firm and permanent basis, gave its third concert of the present subscription on Monday night, the 20th ultimo, at the Natural History Rooms. The programme evinced taste and judgment. Among its prominent features we may mention Neukomm's "The Stormy Petrel," admirably sung by Mr. Whitehouse, to whose manly voice the song is exactly suited. The *soprano* of Master Holloway was remarkably efficient in the duet from Dr. Boyce's *Solomon*, sung by him and Mr. J. Jones. Master Holloway's interpretation of a ballad from the *Seasons*, also merited, although it did not obtain, an *encore*. Mr. J. H. D'Egville played one of Mayseder's violin solos with great taste, and was accompanied on the pianoforte by Mr. J. Jones. Altogether the concert was a good one, and we hope to have the pleasure of listening to many more of the same character.

THE third concert of the Harmonic Society came off on Monday evening, at the City and County Library. The following was the music selected for the occasion. Anthem, by Dr. Crotch; a selection from Haydn's *Creation*; and part of Dr. Crotch's *Palestine*. Mr. Jones presided at the organ, and Mr. E. Rogers officiated as conductor.

MADAME DULCKEN's concert took place at the Natural History Society's Rooms, on Thursday, the 23rd instant.

From the works chosen by Madame Dulcken, if we might be allowed to select two of them for special approbation, we should mention Scarlatti's *Cat's Fugue*, and the *Tremolo*, which was played by the *beneficiaire* with the utmost mechanical facility. She was assisted by Mr. Willy, Mr. Hausmann, and Mr. John Parry.

THE DRAMA AT PLYMOUTH.

(From our own Correspondent.)

THIS popular place of amusement has lately been most brilliantly attended. On Tuesday evening, Mr. John Davis, certainly one of the best light comedians of the day, made his "appeal to the public," which was cordially responded to. From Mr. Davis's qualifications as an actor, he certainly had a right to expect his friends to rally around him on the occasion; but, unfortunately, merit does not at all times meet with its reward. The pieces selected were *Rochester*, the burlesque of *Richard ye Third*, and *Nick of the Woods*. The part of Rochester was admirably played by Davis, who threw all that jovial humour into the part, for which this voluptuary was so celebrated. Buckingham found an able representative in Mr. Stirling, who is a rising and, on all occasions, a useful actor. The part of Dunstable was given to Mr. St. Aubin, who sung a very pretty ballad, "When the Moon is on the Waters," with great effect; this gentleman's singing is always in good taste; and, from being a thorough musician, he manages with great artistic skill a voice of singular sweetness and power. The humorous Emery kept the audience in roars as Balaam: his acting is always free from coarseness, but full of genuine fun. Mr. Fitzroy did the Mayor, which, in his hands became a prominent part in the piece. Mrs. Gordon looked and acted charmingly as the Countess, and Miss Horncastle was all that could be wished as Silvia. Mrs. Watson's "make up" for the prim old aunt was excellent, and she played as no other *artiste* in her line can, save the evergreen Glover. In the burlesque, Emery was very good, and kept the people in screams of laughter; and Mr. Mills, certainly one of the best tragic actors of the day, played a melo-dramatic hero in "Nick of the Woods," which proved him worthy of his reputation in the provinces. The season closes until the 26th, on Friday next. T. E. B.

COVENT GARDEN.

THE first new English opera of the season was produced on Wednesday evening. This opera was not the composition of Balfé, or of Wallace, though an opera from each of these composers was announced in the bills, and promised as one of the earliest novelties; nor was it an opera from a well-known and practised hand, such as George Macfarren, or John Barnett, or Benedict, but the production of one entirely new to the public and entirely unpractised in the art of writing music for the stage. Henri Laurent was a pupil of the Royal Academy of Music, and while prosecuting his studies at that institution displayed, as we are told, a talent for composition which augured well for his future. But even now Mr. Laurent is very young, and his *Quentin Durward* is his first lyric essay*: it would therefore perhaps be more just, before pronouncing definitively on his abilities and capacities as a writer, to await his next attempt, when his judgment shall have become more matured, and experience shall have pointed out to him that wherein he has failed and that wherein he has proved successful, thus teaching him what to select and what to avoid.

* Written, we understand, three years ago.

The announcement of a new opera by an English composer is always an attraction; and the usual anxiety and curiosity prevailed.

Mr. Fitzball, the well-known lyric dramatist, was the author of the *libretto*, which was denominated *Quentin Durward*. Everybody knows Walter Scott's gorgeous and magnificent novel of that name—a work which for variety of character, picturesque description, intense interest, knowledge of the human heart, and beauty of style, is unsurpassed by any production, even of his own pen. But had we been asked what novel of Scott's could less afford to be circumscribed into the limits of an opera, we should have replied, without the least hesitation, "*Quentin Durward*." The greatest dramatic tactician of the age, Scribe himself, could not, even within the limitation of five acts, have confined one tithe of the incidents which are scattered over Walter Scott's three volumes, every one of which is necessary to the development of the story. Now, Mr. Fitzball is not Scribe; and as he has confined his *libretto* to three acts, the result may readily be imagined.

The first act of the Opera is entirely taken up with the matter contained in the two opening chapters of the novel. Isabelle de Croye is introduced ineffectively, and the love affair between her and Quentin, is managed rather clumsily. The novelist is corrected at all points; his characters lose their identity: his incidents are either omitted or changed to suit the librettist's purposes; and nature and poetry are hopelessly sacrificed. More than half the characters are dispensed with altogether. We look in vain, and who that had read *Quentin Durward* would not look for them, for the gallant and faithful Scot, Crawford; the daring Crevecoeur; the hound-baited son of Egypt, Hayreddin Magraubin; the not-to-be-over-reached astrologer, Martius Galeotti; the wily Ollivier, the barber; the twin hang-dogs, Petit André and Trois Eschelles, respectively followers of Democritus and Heraclitus. But much, certainly, must be pardoned the dramatic adapter, who would find it next to an impossibility to introduce all the personages of such a work as *Quentin Durward* into a three-act opera. Enough, if he have accomplished his task with skill and tact. Mr. Fitzball has presented us with a confused and colorless bird's-eye view of Scott's novel, and the poetry is written even more licentiously than usual. What does the prolific melo-dramatist intend by "*Days of Azure*," or what by these jingling anachronisms:

"La Danseuse may pas,
Signora sol fa,
Without my *brava*.
Their time they but waste" (?)

Did it never occur to Mr. Fitzball that there was neither Opera-house, nor theatre for ballets, in Louis the Eleventh's time, and that consequently the *danseuse* with her *pas*, and the *signora* with her *fa*, were yet in the womb of time; that Louis was cotemporary with Henry the Sixth and Edward the Fourth of England, and that consequently neither the *Academie Royale*, nor the *Italiens*, nor Her Majesty's theatre in the Haymarket, nor the Royal Italian Opera, nor the Scala, nor the San Carlos, nor the Fenice, were yet in existence. If Mr. Fitzball doubt us, we refer him to Hume, Lingard, Goldsmith, Peter Parley, and George A'Beckett.

That Mr. Henri Laurent has failed to make any thing particularly brilliant out of the materials accorded him, does not greatly surprise us; that the concerted pieces and *finales* are rambling and unconnected, is not less the fault of the librettist than the inexperience of the musician. We shall therefore not stop to criticise the weaknesses of the young musician, but leaving the heavier portions of his work which,

as a cotemporary justly observes, "will not bear scrutiny," to the consideration of Mr. Laurent's ripper judgment (which will, doubtless, induce him to throw them into the fire), we shall proceed briefly to render justice to the songs and ballads, for the most part pretty, gracefully written, and likely to become popular.

"I come from the land of the mountain" is a spirited air, and gives a true, if a somewhat common-place, embodiment of the words. "Is she a spirit?" has not only a pleasing melody, but is very prettily instrumented. "O, Isabelle, my love" is a graceful ballad, in which the sentiment is conveyed with much tenderness; the employment of the violoncellos is in good keeping with the sentiment. These songs were all well sung by Mr. Harrison, and two of them encored. "Yes, memory returns," an air for Isabelle, is pleasing, striking, and nicely instrumented, although the symphony with cornets-a-piston is a somewhat common introduction to the song. It was capitally sung by Mrs. Donald King, and met with a general encore. But we were, perhaps, most of all pleased with a ballad for the Princess Joan, sung by Miss Messent, "The merry dance is not for me," which is graceful and characteristic, and treated in the orchestra with much taste and ingenuity; Miss Messent sang it with the proper feeling, and was encored, although the encore did not pass without opposition. Mrs. Donald King had another air, or song, or ballad, or romanza, or cavatina, by none of which names, however, is it entitled, being called in the books a "*moreau*," which means that it is a piece of music—a fact not to be disputed. This "*moreau*" did not please us so much as the other vocal solos. The passages are unvocal, and the meaning of Mr. Fitzball's poetry, generally hard to follow, we admit, is here missed altogether. The *rondo finale* ("Like crystal streams") is more florid than graceful, and ends somewhat too abruptly; Mrs. King sang it neatly, but without energy. A song in A minor, given to Louis, "They call me here, they call me there," is spirited, bold, and ambitiously, although not always clearly, instrumented. Mr. Borroni delivered it with point and emphasis, and was encored.

The choruses throughout are simple and unpretending. They exhibit no attempt, being seldom more than tunes harmonized for voices. One, or two, however, are effective. In the concerted pieces, a trio in the first act for Isabelle, Quentin, and the King, "O chide her not;" a round in the second act for three voices, for Isabelle, Joan, and Quentin; and a duet in the third act, "Thro' the night," are worthy of notice. A solo in the latter, for Isabelle, in which the organ is effectively introduced, is extremely pleasing and flowing, and may be cited as one of the happiest bits in the opera.

Of the principal singers we are bound to speak in terms of praise. Mrs. Donald King, Miss Messent, Mr. Borroni, and Harrison, all exerted themselves to the utmost, and helped to insure the good reception of the opera. Mr. Borroni, following the spirit of Mr. Fitzball's treatment of Louis, gave us quite a new notion of the wily and politic monarch, which Scott has drawn with such a master hand. For this, however, we can attach little blame to the singer, who, in his capacity, was highly serviceable to M. Laurent.

The orchestra and chorus betokened their usual energy and endeavour under the governance of Messrs. Schira and Land, although M. Laurent's manner of scoring often proved a puzzler to the instrumentalists.

The house was tolerably well attended, and the audience left nothing undone to encourage the youthful composer in his first attempt. A call was made at the end for the principal artists, and afterwards for M. Laurent himself, who appeared and was received with warm applause.

THE RED CROSS KNIGHT.

(From the Danish of Ingemann.)

"SADDLE straight my charger—whet well my sword,
Go, boy, and fetch me my lance;
The saint's crown incites me against the Paynim horde,
Through the blood-stream of fight to advance."
Thus to his vassals bold spake the fierce Wild Knight
In his coat of black armour terribly bedight.
And he vaulted on his black steed proud,
While his lance and his sword clang'd loud.

After the Knight five men-at-arms rode,
Clothed in their harness red,
A stout red war-horse each of them bestrode,
They followed as the Wild Knight led.
Shouts and loud hurrahs of slaughter wide they sent,
And away to the land of the Sarazin they went;
And they burned, they robbed, and they slew,
All they met their wild path through.

Once they fell in, all in the morning grey,
With a wandering gladsome throng,
Who peacefully from village to village held their way,
With their herds, and pipes, and song.
With shouts and loud hurrahs of carnage rush'd the Knight,
With his stout men-at-arms he trampled them in fight;
And dismal were their shrieks in the air—
"Oh, spare us, O Christian, spare!"

There came to them a Man in armour like the snow,
On a white steed rode he along;
With gentleness and goodness his mild eyes glow,
And he prays for the wandering throng:
"And, O Sir Knight, spare the weaponless this day—
They are men—they are innocent; oh spare, oh stay!"
But the men-at-arms ruthlessly slew,
And away the White Man flew.

"Cut them down," cries the Knight, "with battle-axe and sword,
To Hell's hot flames let them go;
They do not believe in Christ, our blessed Lord;
Let the blood of the heathens flow!"
Terribly their swords descended stroke on stroke,
With death groans and wild shouts the forest echoes woke,
And they went on their way covered o'er
With battle-dust and hot red gore.

A silk-clothed and fiery-eyed fierce Turkish band,
Dashed at them now with a yell,
And dreadful was the rattle of brand on brand,
And the dead on the dead they fell.
But the Mussulmen they droop'd; the Mussulmen gave way,
Wearied and terrified in such a bloody fray.
But the Wild Knight he lay on the ground,
Wounded and senseless, in a swoon.

Wounded and senseless the Wild Knight he lay,
So heavily his black armour weigh'd,
Till at length, at the last parting blushes of the day,
There came to him a Turkish maid.
"O, wicked Christian man, thy wounds fast bleed,
And yet I cannot hate thee, pining in thy need;
May thy God all thy crimes forgive!
But I will assist thee to live."

Gently then and tenderly the Wild Knight she rais'd,
And she bound up his wounds with care;
But while she thus tended him the Wild Knight gasp'd
On the maiden mild and fair.
And his hot blood burn'd in his breast and veins,
And rudely to his breast he the young maid strains;
She fell at his feet in despair;
"Oh, spare me, O Christian, spare!"

9.

Then again came the Man in armour like the snow,
On his white steed riding along,
"Be not ungrateful, and work not woe,
And do so the Maid no wrong;
If innocence's prayer thy heart will not hear,
Vengeance, and red vengeance, expect and fear!"
But the Wild Knight murmur'd and swore,
And the White Man vanish'd as before.

10.

"Hence, pious prater!" was the Wild Knight's word,
"Is she not a Heathen slave?
She disbelieves in Christ, our own blessed Lord,
Who died our souls to save."
And the Maiden she struggled in his hot grasp there,—
"O, warrior of the Cross! oh, spare—oh, spare!"
But she sank like a blighted flower,
And her innocence faded in that hour.

11.

And onward still with clamours and hurrahs they went,
The Knight and his warriors too,
East and west, north and south, wherever they went,
They pillaged, and they burned, and they slew,
Brightly shone the clear moon out through the dusk,
When these wandering marauders they came to a mosque,
Where children and old men grey
Knelt reverently down to pray.

12.

"Cut them down," cries the Knight, "with battle-axe and sword,
To Hell's hot flames let them go;
They do not believe in Christ, our blessed Lord;
Let the blood of the Heathens flow!"
Terribly their swords smote the weak trembling group;—
But hark! what strange terror seizes on the troop?
Their swords fall down from their hands,
And quench'd are the flaming brands.

13.

No longer o'er the scene shone the moonbeams mild,
But the sky became fiery red;
In vain and in vain shouts the Knight half wild,—
The words on his lips are dead.
And the Man with the armour that glitter'd like the snow
Is here like the thunderbolt—his fierce eyes show
The anger and disdain of his soul,
And flames of fire around him roll.

14.

"A third time I encounter thee, a third time we meet,
But I come not to warn thee again;
Thou hast trampled upon innocence beneath thy feet,
Thou prayest to God o'er heaps of slain.
Unnatural and base, thy cruel deeds are done,
Thy doom it is pronounc'd by God's holy Son.
And this is the hour of thy doom,
The next shall enwrap thee in gloom."

15.

Then speedily with shouts, and clamours of huzzah
The Pale Spirits of Darkness came;
In vain the Wild Knight and his vassals, in dismay,
Fled from their grasp of flame.
A wreath of fiery serpents they bound round his hair;—
Then the Pale Spirits fled—they vanish'd into air;
But they bore in their fearful flight,
The spirit of the doomed Wild Knight!

M. JULLIEN'S CONCERTS.

THE promenade concerts are now drawing to a close, the present being the last week but one. M. Jullien may congratulate himself upon the success of his endeavours to make these performances entertaining to the public and profitable to his treasury. He is as active in presenting novelties as if it were the commencement instead of the finishing of his season. It was regretted by many amateurs, especially of the violin, that they were deprived of the pleasure of hearing the solos of

Mr. Sainton (solo violinist to Her Majesty). Mr. Jullien has now gratified his supporters by engaging that admirable artist as soon as his engagement at the court permitted. On Monday Mr. Sainton gave his cleverly written fantasia from *Lucrezia Borgia*. His performance was all that the most fastidious could desire; we venture to say that he plays better even than he did last season. His performance is at present more highly finished, and is unsurpassed for neatness of execution. His tone is remarkably full and broad, and notwithstanding the great space and the crowded audience, was clear and distinct throughout the theatre. He was listened to with intense interest, and was greatly applauded. On Saturday and Monday the concerts were for the benefit of Mr. Lazarus and Herr Koenig. Mr. Lazarus performed a clarionet solo on airs from *Puritani*, also Sir H. R. Bishop's song "Lo here the gentle lark." Mr. Lazarus played beautifully in both pieces. In the latter he was ably supported by Mr. Richardson. Herr Koenig gave Roch Albert's romance "Adieu," which was encored; he played in a Fantasia from *Sonnambula*, and was again encored. During the week solos have been performed by the Messrs. Rowland (contra basso), and the Messrs. Viotti and Lindley Collins, (violin and violoncello). Mr. Rowland obtained great applause for his clever playing in an air of Mayseder, written for the violin. M. Viotti Collins gave Paganini's solo on the "Pregiera," from Rossini's *Mosé in Egitto*, on the fourth string. Mr. Lindley Collins obtained a good share of applause for playing an air with variations, in which he introduced some very peculiar effects: the last of his variations he played entirely *pizzicato*; the difficulties were great, but he succeeded admirably; in fact, he almost imitates a guitar. We expect shortly to see some playful double bass come before the public, and try to imitate an Eolian harp. The latest novelty from M. Jullien's pen is a set of polkas, entitled the "Drum Polka;" they are written in M. Jullien's usual felicitous style; the melodies are exceedingly pretty. A number of side drums are used, which appear to delight the company immensely. These polkas increase nightly in popularity, and will rival the celebrated "Original polka," "Olga Polka," and even the "Bridal Polka," which met with such unprecedented success. Mdlle. Stoepele still continues to be favorably received: she played a solo on the pianoforte on Tuesday evening.

Vivier has played three times, and on each occasion has been encored with the greatest enthusiasm. The *habitués* of M. Jullien's concerts seem never tired of hearing and applauding this wonderful and graceful performer on the horn to whom no soloist ever more speedily gained celebrity and popularity in this country. Every one is talking of the *Bal Masqué*, which it is anticipated will be the most brilliant ever given by M. Jullien, who puts all the professors and conductors of masked balls in Europe entirely in the shade.

LONDON WEDNESDAY CONCERTS.

The third of these already popular entertainments took place at Exeter Hall, before a very crowded audience, on Wednesday night (of course). The programme began with a selection from Arne's *Artaxerxes*, in which Misses A. and M. Williams, Miss Stewart, and Mr. Lockey assisted. The most effective morceau was the "Soldier Tired," wonderfully well vocalised by Miss A. Williams, and encored; the most musical was the charming air "In Infancy," sung to perfection by Miss M. Williams. (Parenthesis: If the Misses Williams could be persuaded to come upon the stage, they would make the fortune of a manager.)

After the *Artaxerxes* little Kate Loder sat down to the grand pianoforte, and, ably supported by Mr. Willy and his concert-orchestra, gave such a reading of Weber's brilliant and magnificent *Concert-Stück*, as we have never heard since Madame Pleyel was encored in the *finale* at the Philharmonic Concerts in 1846. Kate Loder equalled Madame Pleyel in the neatness and brilliancy of her execution, and was scarcely inferior to that transcendent pianist in grace and energy. Kate was applauded all through, and encored with acclamations; any less favorable verdict would have proved the audience to be without ears and hearts.

A miscellaneous selection followed, which ended with a good performance by the band of the overture to Beethoven's *Ruins of Athens*. Mr. Whitworth was applauded in Calcott's "Last Man," and Sims Reeves encored in a song by Schubert, "Weary Flowers." Mr. Lockey sang a song by Hobbs, the Misses Williams a delicious duet of Mendelssohn's "The Vision," and Miss Stewart essayed the "Qui la voce" from *Puritani*.

The second part began with Sterndale Bennett's magnificent overture, the *Naiades*, which was played admirably, and loudly applauded. This overture seems to be a favorite with Mr. Willy—a proof of his good taste. Miss Stewart then gave a very pleasing song by Walter Macfarren, one of our most rising musicians, who, though he has a name not easy to bear, bears it gallantly. "Heart, heart be gay," is the title of the song; and had Miss Stewart infused a little more soul into it, it would have made gay the heart of every musical listener in the Hall. Mr. Lockey sang Parry senior's "Norah the pride of Kildare," a pretty and plaintive ballad, in such a style as to win an encore; a similar compliment was paid to Balfe's popular "Old Chair," which Mr. Reeves sang with all his original *verve*; and Holmes' sparkling duet, "The Swiss Maidens," which is rapidly acquiring popularity, was charmingly vocalised by the Misses Williams.

M. Thalberg then made his appearance, and was warmly cheered. The great pianist performed his *Sonnambula* in a style that sets competition at defiance, and was enthusiastically encored. In answer to the compliment, M. Thalberg played the "serenade" from *Don Pasquale*, according to his own *fantasia*, equally well, and with equal applause. There were six more vocal pieces, among which we may mention, "The Death of Nelson," sung by Mr. Reeves with nothing less than Brahmic energy, and encored rapturously, and "John Anderson, my Joe," by Miss M. Williams, the perfection of ballad singing, as the most successful.

The vogue of these concerts is increasing gradually, and Mr. Stamners, the spirited manager, determined to make them as attractive as possible, has engaged the celebrated M. Vivier to play a solo on the horn at the next six consecutive concerts.

LETTERS TO A MUSICAL STUDENT.

MELODY AND MELODIOUS COMBINATIONS.

(Concluded from page 775.)

As a melody has to express a certain state of mind which prevails in the soul of man, whilst it is moved by the fluctuations of subordinate feelings, it is obvious that all melodious combinations, however manifold and varied, must be based upon a certain fundamental sound—at least for a length of time—which gives to the whole a definite character; or, in other words, it must belong to a certain key, which will only be changed when a decided alteration in the state of mind takes place. I shall probably speak of the psychologic character

of the different keys; in one of my future letters; suffice it therefore here to say, that though a difference in the character of the keys has been disputed by several eminent theorists, (G. Weber, for instance,) yet it is a fact of which every good musician is perfectly convinced, and no sound composer will choose his mode and key at random, but select it because he considers it most fit for the feelings which he intends to express. Passing modulations into near related keys may occur, and be necessary to depict transient fluctuations in the feeling soul; but as long as a certain feeling is—or is supposed to be—reigning in the heart, so long it will be necessary to remain in the same key. Moving in this key, the melody is of course based upon, and has its resting point in the key-note—the tonic—from which it generally commences, and to which it always returns. I say it generally commences with the tonic, but this is not absolutely necessary, and indeed very often not the case. But there is a decided difference of character and expression between melodies proceeding from the tonic and those which commence with another interval of the scale. The former, starting with the most important note—the very fundament—of the scale, show themselves at once in their real definite character, and are possessed of a much higher degree of firmness and decision than those which commence with another interval of the scale; whilst the latter are more expressive of feelings which have not yet definitely settled, which float, as it were, on trembling waves, seeking for rest, but long in vain. Of this difference the singers of nature—the artless, unschooled people—have a keen perception, and their discernment is the surest criterion of the existence of such a difference. In almost all popular and national songs (songs composed by the people or adopted by them as their own) the melody commences with the tonic, whenever sentiments of firm belief, resolution, courage, &c., are to be expressed. Of this you must be so well aware, that it is unnecessary to adduce instances; if required, I need only name our world-famed national hymn, "God Save the Queen," and that most powerful and energetic of all religious songs, "Ein feste Burg," by Luther, commencing thus:—

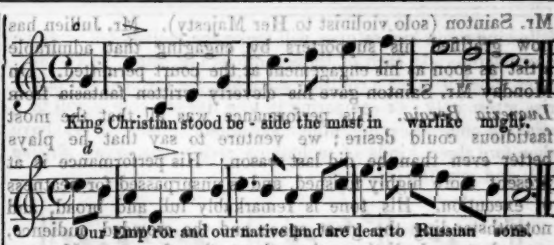


What firm a fortress is our Lord!

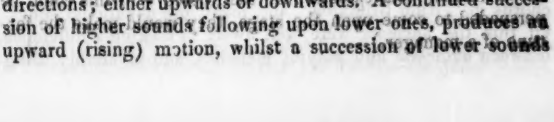
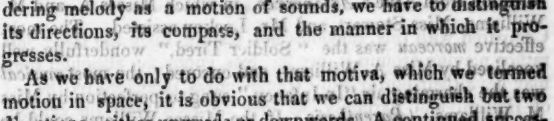
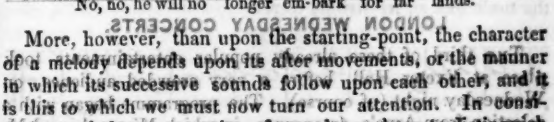
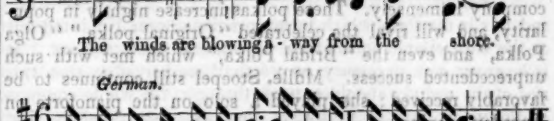
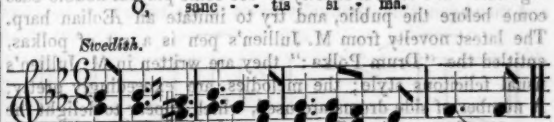
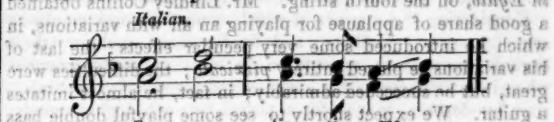
To this class of melodies belong also those which, although not exactly commencing with the tonic, have the first full accent on this sound. These melodies generally start either with the fifth leading upwards, or the third leading downwards to the tonic, and the note (or notes) preceding the tonic, instead of weakening the energy and power of the latter, increase its weight in the same manner as a person makes a run to perform a powerful leap, or a soldier raises his right foot first, to make his left fall with greater energy at the accented sounds of the music to which he is marching. Examples of this kind are the Marseillaise (a), the German and Danish national songs (b, c), the well-known Russian war song (d), and a thousand others.



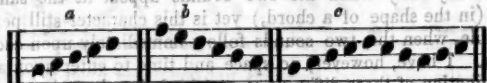
What is the German's father-land?



On the other hand, melodies not beginning upon the tonic, but upon some other interval (usually the third or fifth,) indicate, at the very commencement, that the feelings which they are going to express, are of a less firm and decided character—feelings of a passive nature, or light and transient emotions. Therefore, if the people want to sing of disappointed, suffering love, of longing for a better world, of a distant home, or the innocent pleasures of nature and life, it generally, with unerring natural tact, commences not upon the tonic, but upon the fifth or third. Of this fact you will soon convince yourself on perusing the most favorite songs of the different nations, especially of those in whose poetry and music the romantic is predominant; as, for instance, the Scandinavian, Slavonic, South German, and Spanish songs. Here are a few examples.

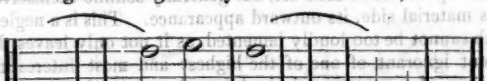


following upon higher ones will make the melody fall or move downwards. If each of these motions last but a short time, after which it takes a contrary direction, the melody will fall or rise alternately; or comparing it to a line, its course will be a winding one. Leaving minor variations unnoticed, we have therefore three kinds of melodious series—*rising* (a), *falling* (b), and *winding* (c) ones.

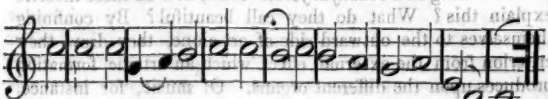


The character of these different motions is easily discerned. A man, whose feelings become excited, will raise his voice as his hilarity, enthusiasm, or wrath increase in intensity; whilst an abatement of these feelings, a falling of his spirits, a sinking into melancholy, &c. will make his voice grow low and deep, until, in moments of deep emotion, it speaks in sounds belonging rather to the grave and eternity than to this upper world. A rising melody always expresses and excites a growing intensity of feeling, an increasing excitement of the mind, whilst a falling one depicts a relaxation of the tension of the mind, a sinking down from the climax of excitement to a more quiet state. Winding series of sounds, on the other hand, are expressive of the fluctuations and minor changes which follow upon each other in the feeling soul.

Considering the manner in which sensations and emotions arise, progress, vacillate, and finally cease, melody (their organic expression) appears to be most naturally arranged when it commences with a lower sound (especially the tonic), rises by degrees, moves for a period between higher sounds, and then again sinks gradually down to the tonic;



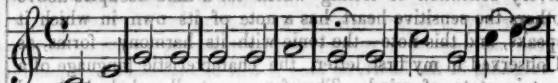
and this is the form which in my previous letter I pointed out as the most simple and natural of musical constructions. It is however not necessary, as we shall see hereafter, that this rise of the melody should extend through the whole compass of the scale; nor is it always the case that a melody first rises and afterwards falls. Sometimes a melodious strain is the effusion of feelings raised already to a high pitch of intensity and then it may be most natural to set in at once with a high note (perhaps the octave of the tonic), and either move for a time in this region, or, as it were, to storm down the scale and up again in energetic strides. In this direction moves that all-powerful triumphant song of Luther, which I mentioned before, and which after having descended from octave to dominant again takes up, as it were in defiance of all the powers of the dark, the octave, whence it rolls down to the tonic like an irresistible torrent.



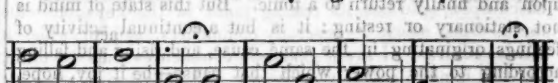
How firm a fortress is our Lord! What pow'r can hurt his child-ren?

Compared with this, melodies not resting upon the tonic, but rather playing around it, are far less energetic, although they may have their power and expressiveness increased by the aid of rhythm and harmony, as may be seen from the spirited chorus in "Rule Britannia," and many other national songs. Of this the ancients were well aware in making a difference between *authentic* and *plagal* melodies, and invariably using

the first form—moving from tonic to tonic—when firm belief, confidence, courage, &c. were to be expressed. Instead of any further observations on this point I will write down the first three stanzas of another, of those beautiful choruses of which Germany is so rich, which as an instance of agreement between word and sound—idea and expression—stands almost unrivalled in musical literature.



Praise! a wake! a voice is cry-ing, a wake, ye sin-ners!



time is fly-ing. A - wake, and kneel be-fore your God!

The point which we have next to consider is the *compass* of the melody, or the limits between which it moves. On this point a few remarks will be sufficient.

As the fluctuations of emotions taking place in the human soul manifest themselves in a corresponding rise and fall of the melody, it is obvious that this rise or fall must be greater the greater the excitement prevailing in the mind of the singer. Hence it follows, that feelings of a more determined or violent character, moving and stirring up the whole domain of the sensitive heart, require a great range of melody; whilst feelings of a more quiet and passive—though perhaps not less intense—nature will find their organic expression in a few sounds. Thus we find that determined courage, enthusiasm, religious conviction, &c., generally speaks in a melody moving through a great space of sounds, and the compass of the melody will be still more extended if those feelings rise to that state of intensity which we call passion, or fanaticism, in which case the melody will, perhaps, touch its utmost boundaries, both below and above. These utmost limits, of course, are given by the organisation of the human voice. For, as all melodies are and were originally intended to be *sung*, we cannot take into consideration the long series of sounds which may perhaps be produced on musical instruments, but must confine ourselves to those which belong to the human voice. For this reason, then, melody can only move within the compass of the voice, and, as the usual extent of the latter does not exceed one octave and a-half, this range of sounds must be considered as the utmost space through which melody is to move. Singers endowed with an extraordinary compass of voice may go far beyond these limits, and sometimes do so with the greatest effect; but for the expression of any feeling, however intense or energetic, it is unnecessary, and melody, in such cases, is no longer an organic expression of inward feelings, but becomes a playing with sounds, an instrumental performance.

For the characteristic expression of sensations which fill the heart, often a few different sounds may be sufficient, especially when the feelings to be expressed are of a plaintive, subdued character; and it is a remarkable fact that nations like the Croats, and others of the Slavonic race, whose whole poetry is pervaded by a melancholy strain, very rarely exceed the number of five different notes in their melodies. Rousseau's song of three notes is also familiar to every musical student; and, if we go to the ex-European nations, we are struck with the great simplicity of most of their melodies. I now come to the examination of the last and most important point, viz., the manner in which melody progresses, on the character of its motions. It is principally by means of this motion,

—combined with rhythm, of which I shall speak in my next—that music is enabled to become a faithful representation of what is passing in the innermost recesses of the heart; by its changes of high and low notes it reveals the existence and constant motion of invisible agents, and thus constitutes an organic expression of the actual spiritual life in man. Every sensation or feeling which for a time occupies above others the sensitive heart, has a note of its own in which it speaks, and this note—the tonic with its harmony—forms, as I observed in my first letter, the characteristic language of a certain state of mind. Therefore must all melody be based upon and finally return to a tonic. But this state of mind is not stationary or resting: it is but a continual activity of feelings originating in the same cause, and rising and falling according to the power which that cause—be it joy, hope, grief—exercises over the mind. Nor does one feeling ever take so entirely possession of our heart as to exclude the rising of subordinate and secondary emotions. On the contrary, whilst the heart is under the influence of such a predominant sensation other feelings rise and touch its trembling fibres, and according to their nature either increase or soothe the agitation of the mind. And this inward play of emotions and feelings, this life of the soul, reveals itself in the motion of the melody through the different degrees of the scale; and it is the manner in which the melody moves, in company of the soul-stirring rhythm, which gives life and truth to the art of sound.

Considering this motion, we have to examine the steps in which a melody progresses in order to arrive at its psychic character. These steps can be wide or short, according to the intervals of the scale which are passed over. If a melody moves from one degree of the scale to the next below or above it we call its motion a *passing* one, if it progresses from one note to another nearer or less distant one, we say it moves in *steps*. Both kinds of motions may be united in a melody, but according to the general character of the latter one of the two kinds will be predominant. As to their character you will easily perceive, that a melody moving in paces, that is to say, rising or falling by degrees, and without overleaping intermediate sounds is more flowing and appears also more natural, and in accordance with the manner in which feelings arise, increase, and decrease in the human soul. For the rise and fall of feelings is usually a gradual one, and their development or expansion, if free from the operation of external causes, does not take place in sudden leaps, but is a gradual process. In accordance with this, the melodies of the people when singing the praise of nature, innocence, domestic happiness, tenderness, or giving vent to any other *quiet* feeling, generally move up or down the scale step by step.

From the above it follows, that abrupt skips to distant intervals give to a melody a character of greater boldness and decision, and this motive is the more decided the greater the leap, and the more frequently the same progression is repeated. According to the intervals of the scale, a melody may rise or fall from one sound to its third, fourth, fifth octave, etc., etc., or even touch a note not belonging to the scale. Of these progressions, those through the intervals of the tonal harmony approach in character nearest the gradual motion, and are most easily executed. They are not so graceful as the latter; but they have this great advantage, that by touching in succession the intervals of this tonic harmony, they at once establish the fundamental character of the melody. When, therefore, a feeling, or sensation, is already firmly rooted in the soul, and has obtained a considerable degree of intensity, it will manifest its decided character by such a lever motion of the

melody. Faith, courage, enthusiastic love, etc., etc., will move thus, and it is the progression which occurs mostly in songs of war and hymns of praise. Every other progression to more or less distant intervals has also its own peculiar character, and it would not be difficult to distinguish and define it. For although the character of an interval shows itself only fully when the two sounds appear at the same time (in the shape of a chord,) yet is this character still perceptible, when the two sounds follow immediately upon each other. I have, however, no space and time to enter upon an examination of these different steps (third, fourth, fifth, etc.;) but perhaps I shall take up the subject again in a future letter on the character of the different intervals. Wide steps, and still more, steps from a note of the scale to one not belonging to it, always express an excited state of mind, and progressions to strange sounding intervals, indicate always a sudden change, or the unexpected appearance of a new emotion in the heart of the singer.

With these general remarks I dismiss the consideration of melodious movements as regards their psychologic character. This examination must, however, be considered as only half finished before the character of rhythmic motion—motion in space—has been also considered. This I shall do in my next letter. At present we have but one point more to consider. You will recollect that I defined melody to be "a motion of sounds expressing a feeling in beautiful form." How, by the direction and manner of its motion a melody becomes the faithful expression of man's inward life, I have endeavoured to show; and I considered such an investigation the more necessary, because our theories seldom enter into the really spiritual province of their art, but generally confine themselves to its material side, its outward appearance. This is a neglect which cannot be too loudly lamented, as it not only leaves the student ignorant of one of the highest and most interesting branches of his art—musical philosophy—but also prevents him from arriving at a true understanding of the formal side of music. Theories, not based upon organic laws, not going back to the origin of the art—the life of the human soul—must necessarily make the different musical formations appear in the shape of arbitrary combinations, and they have no other rule to go by, than such as are founded upon the outward appearance and effect of sound. Hence it comes, that if you ask them for the reason of any of their miriads of laws, rules and prohibitions, for instance, why consecutive fifths in general are forbidden, and in many cases not only allowed, but absolutely necessary; they either return no answer at all, or their explanation is so vague and untrue as to leave the enquirer in greater darkness than he was before. And so it is the case with their definitions of the abstract qualities of certain musical combinations. We have here to consider but one of these qualities, viz., *beauty*. A melody, as we defined it, must express a feeling in a *beautiful form*. Now, how do those theories explain this? What do they call beautiful? By confining themselves to the outward side of art alone, they draw their criterion from the external effect which an artistic formation produces upon the different organs. Of music, for instance, they say that its beauty consists in its outward symmetrical arrangement, the regular succession of high and low, soft and loud, long and short sounds. Now, this is not a definition of the beautiful, but merely a description of the effect produced upon the organ of hearing. But as this effect depends entirely upon the individual organization of the listener and the influence which long continued habit exercises over him, it is obvious, that amongst a thousand hearers perhaps not two agree in opinion of the outward beauty of any musical production. The music which

charms the Chinese, or entices the Esquimaux, appears to European ears nothing less than beautiful, whilst the Arabian, who sings in quarter tones, looks upon our diatonic steps as gross and barbarian. To arrive at a true conception of the beautiful, it is, therefore, necessary to go deeper than the mere surface of the art. As all art is but a direct manifestation of an inward longing for a more perfect state than the present one, it is obvious that its productions, if they are truly artistic, must also aim at the most perfect outward form. Therefore is all art directed to the creation of the *ideal*, and the nearer it approaches this ideal, the greater is the beauty of its productions. Hence it follows that beauty does not consist in the more or less pleasing effect, or the outward form of a work of art, but is based upon the spiritual idea which the latter is intended to represent; and that beauty is the more perfect, the more fully it develops that spiritual idea or sensation, of which it is the direct outflow. The greatest spiritual beauty is *truth*, and therefore the more fully this truth is reflected in a work of art, the greater is its *material* beauty. Thus, then, the beauty of melody depends solely upon the truth of its expression, and a melody which is the faithful representation of the inward longing for the good and perfect must necessarily be beautiful. Of this internal beauty the outward pleasing form, its graceful flow, &c., is but a necessary consequence, and a melody may be the most graceful, the most pleasing, and yet be destitute of real beauty. Thus the Italians are rich in tasteful and pleasing melodies, and yet arrive but seldom at the production of really beautiful ones, because it is merely the sensual effect to which they direct their attention, whilst the stern, and sometimes even harsh, melodies of the old German school, though perhaps less pleasing to an effeminate ear, present specimens of the most perfect beauty, because they possess what is essentially necessary—*internal truth*.—Yours, TEUTONIUS.

DRAMATIC INTELLIGENCE.

HAYMARKET.—Sheridan Knowles' *Hunchback* was revived on Monday night, with, perhaps, the best cast we have seen at this theatre. Mr. Charles Kean appeared for the first time, we believe, as Sir Thomas Clifford. This part, originally played by Charles Kemble, has, since his time, been generally entrusted to somewhat inferior hands, and the play in consequence has lost materially in the representation. Sir Thomas Clifford is not the chief personage of the drama, but he is most important, and the character, besides, is a difficult one to play. We have no doubt the performance would have been better had Mr. Charles Kean played Master Walter, but as we could not have two Charles Keans, we must rest content with the actor's choice. In speaking thus, it must not be supposed that we are striving to underrate Mr. Creswick, whose Master Walter on Monday evening was a well-judged and graphic portraiture; we simply opine Mr. Charles Kean would have played it better.

Mrs. Charles Kean won a new triumph by her performance of Julia. We have seen this character depicted with more power and rendered more striking, but certainly no actress has betrayed more earnestness, more intensity in the part, or a nicer apprehension of its different lights and shadows. A slight degree of rusticity and bashfulness, almost verging to awkwardness, was assumed very happily in the earlier scenes of the play; and this afforded a powerful contrast to the subsequent scenes in which Julia throws aside her sylvan tastes and habits, and launches into the lady of fashion. The scene with Master Walter in which Julia entreats and threatens him alternately to save her from the consequences of a hated

marriage was highly impressive, and produced a great sensation. The scene with Clifford, also, when he appears before Julia as Lord Rochdale's secretary, was very beautifully acted, and was extremely affecting. Indeed this scene could not have been better played than it was by Mr. and Mrs. Charles Kean.

Sir Thomas Clifford, although an important part, is not an onerous one. It demands an actor of taste and feeling, rather than of power, and affords little or no opportunity for tragic display. That such a character is not constituted to bring forth the best qualities of Mr. Kean's acting, must be allowed; but it must also be allowed that no other than a first-rate actor could imbue it with truthfulness and living hues. Mr. Charles Kean's Sir Thomas Clifford merits the highest praise.

Mr. Webster's Modus is one of his best characters. Though quaint and queer, it is free from exaggeration. It is conceived and drawn with force and judgment.

Miss Julia Bennett has seldom appeared to more advantage than in Helen. She is as gay, as arch, and as *mechante* as the author could desire, while she looks handsome enough to turn the heads of a whole college of book-worms.

Mr. Wigan makes but a poor fop. He is totally devoid of grace and elegance, and without these a fop degenerates, on the stage at least, to a mere nincompoop. Mr. Wigan's Lord Tinsel cannot be set down among his best performances. Mr. Vandenhoff's Lord Rochdale was indifferent.

The play was received with much applause, and Mr. and Mrs. Charles Kean obeyed the usual summons at the end.

To-night Mr. and Mrs. Charles Kean appear together in the *Gamester*, and afterwards in Mrs. Centlivre's rattling comedy, *The Wonder*.

PRINCESS'S.—Edward Loder's new opera, operetta, or, as the bills modestly styled it, "ballad opera," *Robin Goodfellow*, was produced on Wednesday. Mr. Loder's opera may, in one respect, be termed a ballad opera, inasmuch as it contains ten or a dozen ballads; but Mr. Loder's opera, in another regard, may not be termed a ballad opera, inasmuch as it comprises an overture, choruses, and concerted pieces. The latter—the choruses and concerted pieces—it must be owned are rare, and of minor consideration, that is, not enlarged upon, nor filled out plentifully. We may, therefore, on consideration, set down Edward Loder's opera as a ballad opera, but certainly not as a mere ballad opera. This said opera on Wednesday night achieved a most complete and signal success, and that, too, in the teeth of oppugnancies and obstructions that would have sent any work beneath a first-rate one to the right about. In the first place not one of the singers was perfect, and every moment the prompter's aid was called into requisition: in the second place the female chorus, from nervousness or fright, absolutely murdered—the word is strong but cannot be recalled—some of the most beautiful music in the opera: and lastly, Mrs. Weiss, who played an important part in the piece, and who had sundry *moreaux* to sing, was rendered incapable of warbling a single note from a severe cold. Here were stumbling-blocks which stood hugely and darkly in the way of success. An apology was made for Mrs. Weiss. The apologist announced that Mrs. Weiss could speak, but could not sing, and that with, &c., of the audience, she would go through the talking part. Whereupon the audience shouted lustily, as is their wont when told of a deprivation of the value of which they know nothing. The first chorus were all abroad, and Mr. Loder beat the candlesticks loud enough to reclaim the dullest truant; but all would not do, the fair soprano dragged their time terribly. Then, again, the sweet lady who played Titania stuck fast every third line, and she had to wait until the prompter's words were

sent on from ear to ear half across the stage before she could proceed. But what was worst of all, the audience had to wait likewise. We pitied Mr. Loder much, and saw that he writhed under the infliction. But spite of all this, and more, the beauty of the music could not be concealed. The introductory chorus prepared the mind for the delightful treat which was to follow, and the first solo was encored amid a tumult of applause. Before alluding further to the music let us strive and afford the reader some insight into the plot or story of the piece.

The author has taken two plots of very different kinds, and has amalgamated them into his libretto. The first relates to Faery-land, and turns on the fortunes of Puck, or Robin Goodfellow; the second refers to an adventure in the time of the Protectorate, immediately prior to the Restoration. The fairy business is taken partly from Shakspeare's *Midsummer Night's Dream*, and partly from the story of "Paradise and the Peri," in *Lalla Rookh*. Oberon, the King of the Fairies, has a disagreement with Titania, Queen of the Fairies, and to spite Oberon, Titania banishes his favourite Puck—this is not following Shakspeare—to the regions of mortality until he can find that one thing which is most dear to woman. Puck puts on a disguise, and makes, of course, three attempts before he finds it out. After the manner of the Peri in Moore's tale, Puck submits his guesses to the Queen of the Fairies, who rejects the two first and admits the last. The first of Puck's suppositions as to what's most dear to woman is "Love," the second is "Faith," and the last and true one "Her own sweet will." It must be owned that the fairy inference is not highly complimentary to womankind.

The human plot which is dove-tailed with the above is rather dull and confused. There is a puritan Knight who is eternally singing songs to his own praises, one Sir Richard Rocketon (Mr. Weiss), who has a secret leaning to the royal cause, and who discovers his inclination to a certain Moreton (Mr. Fisher), who pretends to agree with the Knight but in reality plots his destruction, because he cannot obtain the hand of Lady Alice (Miss Emma Stanley), who loves plain Mr. Barton (Mr. Charles Brabam), an individual who has nature's nobility, honesty, for his strongest recommendation, who loves her in return. A number of incidents, the aim of which was not clear to us, takes place; Puck stepping in every now and then as a disguised gipsy to put good humour and consistency in the plot. The end, however, is that Charles is victorious, the plans of Rocketon defeated; the Knight liberated from the immediate jaws of death, and the Lady Alice wedded to plain Mr. Barton, to the great horror of Sir Hyacinth Lutestrings, an exquisite, a very Sir Piercie Shafton without his wit, his appearance, or his courage, and to the delight of every body else. It is in the last scene, when Lady Alice declares that now, having a royalist husband, or something sagely to the same effect, she has obtained her "will," that Puck discovers what is dearest to woman in accordance with Gothic mythology, and so all ends happily.

We must do the author justice to admit that the lyric portion of his work is unexceptionable, the poetry being far above the average merit of librettos in general.

Mr. Loder, in his opera of *Giselle*, has already shown himself well qualified to grapple with a fairy subject, and in *Robin Goodfellow* has amply sustained his reputation. Although the opera contains no duets, trios, or other concerted pieces of the kind, and is entirely made up of choruses, airs and ballads, it is so crowded with beautiful things, and so plainly declares the hand of an accomplished master throughout,

that it must rank among the composer's happiest and most complete achievements. The overture is a spirited and most brilliant piece of music, admirably scored for the orchestra, the themes well contrasted, and the whole written with perfect clearness of design. The *bolero*, which forms the second subject of the *Allegro*, is both original and striking. Nearly all the first scene is occupied by the choruses, solos, and interludes of fairies. Nothing can be more picturesque than these; the melodies are quaint and fantastic, and the orchestration sparkles with points of exquisite musicianship. The most remarkable *moreau* in this scene, however, is Puck's air, "I ride on the storm," in which a delicious effect is produced by the voice-part forming the bass to the accompaniment during the first delivery of the theme; the use of the *pizzicato* is here quite fresh and new, and a fine point is achieved by the first entry of the basses on a *pedale*, which offers a striking contrast to the instrumentation of the first phrase. Miss Poole sang this air with great taste, and was encored. She also sang the cavatina which follows, "Not for the sunny strand," a graceful melody with violoncello *obligato*, exceedingly well, and was warmly applauded. In the second scene of the first act occurs a ballad, "Sing me the songs of old," for Sir Richard, which was excellently rendered by Mr. Weiss, and encored. This ballad is fashioned in the popular mould, but is admirable of its kind.

But we intend to hear the opera again to-night, and shall next week conclude our analysis of the music. Suffice it, *Robin Goodfellow* is a triumphant success for Mr. Loder and the theatre.

ST. JAMES'S THEATRE.—The Dumbarton Serenaders, whom we announced last week, have made their first, second, and third appearances with eminent success. On the whole, we consider them vastly superior to the original "Ethiopians," whom Mr. Mitchell also introduced to the English public. Their faces are equally dark, and they make quite as much fun, and sing better and a greater variety of pieces. On Monday we attended a private hearing, and were much amused. The *troupe* includes four banjos, a tamborine, an accordion, and a bones. The voices of the soloists are chiefly tenor, except the tamborine player, who is apparently a barytone. We shall not attempt a deliberate analysis of the programme, which consisted of nearly twenty pieces, and was distributed into three parts. Suffice it, that more than half the songs were encored, and many of the glees and part songs. The tunes are more modern in some respects than the other "nigger" *troupe* accustomed us to, and are consequently, less monotonous. The *barcarole* from Auber's *Le Serment*, and the *Phantom Chorus* from Bellini's *Sonnambula*, contrasted forcibly with the veritable tunes of Bungalow and the banks of the Niger. The latter, by the way, was capitally acted, and sung to some very droll words. We also remember a song, of which we forget the name, a downright nigger melody, that will be likely to rival "Lucy Neal;" and eke we recall a lyrical description of the cosmogony, by one of the singers, which was very diverting. The nigger to the extreme left rattles the bones with extraordinary zeal; he with the tamborine, at the extreme right indulges in a great exuberance of gesticulation; and the player upon the accordion is very expert and accompanies excellently.

Altogether, Mr. Mitchell's new exportation from the Negro Land of the fancy proved highly successful, and the audience departed with sides tired of shaking, and mouths widened by a multitude of grins.

Mr. M. has returned from Paris with an operatic *troupe* and the scores of 14 operas. On Jan. 15 he opens with an *opéra comique*. Robert Houdin recommences next week.

ORIGINAL CORRESPONDENCE.

THE SACRED HARMONICS.
(To the Editor of the Musical World.)

SIR,—I have often enjoyed the excellent criticisms that have proceeded from your able pen, and have always had to admire their justice and candour. Often have you taken modest merit by the hand, and tweaked presumptuous folly by the nose. Fresh cause for my admiration has just arisen—for I have discovered, that, in addition to your other qualifications, you possess the gift of prophecy. If with "modest and ingenuous worth" you "blush at your own praise," in your editorial incognito you have at least this advantage, like the flower in Gray's "Elegy," you can "blush unseen." All the world knows by this time of the existence, in the metropolis, of two great societies for the performance of sacred music—the Sacred Harmonic Society, which, for brevity's sake, I shall call the "Old Society," and the London Sacred Harmonic Society, which I shall term the "New Society;" this New Society having arisen in consequence of the dismissal of Mr. Surman from the post of conductor to the Old Society. Turning over the pages of the Report of the Old Society for 1838-9, I struck upon the following extracts from your valuable journal, which the Committee had deemed of sufficient importance to embody in the annual record of their proceedings:—

"And now, in the season of prosperity, may we suggest a word of advice to the members of this noble association. You have reached the haven of success—change not your plans, from the mere love of alteration; let those who have borne the heat and burden of the day, now remain to call some of the sweets—the result of anxious solicitude and unremitting exertion; distrust not those who have suffered in times of doubt, and almost desperation—who have fought the good fight—who have not been slow to unloose their purs-strings, or to sacrifice their time, but let them continue to dwell in friendly and unreserved communion, under your vines and fig trees, basking in the genial warmth of well-earned and well-merited success."—*Musical World*, March 1, 1838.

Now, Sir, it is clear to me that either awake or asleep you must have had a vision—

"That gave your spirit strength to sweep
Adown the gulph of time."

You must have foreseen in 1838 the transactions of 1848—you must have foreknown that those who raised the Society would be ejected—that those who built the house would be thrown out of the window. In 1838 a benefit concert was given by the Society for Mr. Perry, so deeply did it consider itself indebted to him for his exertions. A handsome tribute was paid to Mr. Surman in the report for 1840, acknowledging his invaluable services, a massive silver snuff-box having been previously presented to him by the members of the Society. Mr. Miller, for ten years, occupied the post of organist. Perry, Surman, Miller—where are they now? The places in the Old Society which knew them know them no more. Where are they? In reference to two of the number, "echo answers, where?"

Mr. Surman answers for himself, in the establishment of a new Society, which bids fair to rival the old. I should have said, to rival the Old Society as it was; for what it will become remains to be seen. Costa supersedes Surman, Westrop takes the place of Perry, and Brownsmith occupies Miller's post. Why all these changes? Every succeeding report announced progressive improvement in musical efficiency and pecuniary resources. Why not let well alone? Was the warning example forgotten of the old woman, "who was well, would be better, took physic, and so she died?" For what, under the new regime, are the probable prospects of the Old Society? I cannot forbear quoting another of your prophetic extracts from the *Musical World* of March 1, 1838:—

"May no petty quarrels, which too frequently (may we not say invariably?) lead to rancorous dissensions, generate the seeds of decay, and terminate in the dissolution of a society formed to instruct, to persuade, and to allure the fellow-citizens of its members to the cultivation of a science which, like virtue, is its own reward; which cherishes and ennobles the tenderest sensibilities, and which experience, as well as poetry, assures us is able to soften the asperities and elevate the best affections of humanity."

Noble thought! Yet, with strange forgetfulness, there have been "petty quarrels" and "rancorous dissensions" in the Society. Have they sown the seeds of decay and dissolution? Has not a

new conductor of distinguished note been appointed? Are not 700 performers and a new and improved orchestra advertised? Is not the Society gradually feeling its way towards half-guinea tickets? Does this look like decay? A glance at the old mode of management, as contrasted with the new, may throw some light upon the subject, and give an interesting indication of the public taste. I take the following statement from the reports for 1846 and 1847, of the principal oratorios performed, and the profit or loss which accrued: I must premise, that at each of the subscription concerts about 800 free tickets were issued to subscribers:—

Messiah—Eight performances, of which four were subscription, realised a profit of £250.

Elijah—Six performances, of which two were subscription, realised a profit of £326.

Samson—Two performances, of which one was subscription, realised a profit of £29.

Judas Maccabæus—Two performances, of which one was subscription, caused a loss of £224.

Fall of Babylon—Two performances, of which one was subscription, caused a loss of £340.

Last Judgment—One performance, which was subscription, caused a loss of £163.

Creation—Five performances, of which two were subscription, caused a loss of £25.

From this statement it is apparent which are the favorite oratorios with the public, and also the great risk incurred by the introduction of novelties. The *Messiah*, *Samson*, and *Creation*, altogether fifteen performances, of which seven were subscription, even though conducted by Mr. Surman, pay their expenses, or realise a profit, whilst the *Fall of Babylon* and the *Last Judgment*—together three performances, all of which were conducted by the great composer, Dr. Spohr, entailed upon the Society a loss exceeding £500. It is true there was a loss upon *Judas Maccabæus*, occasioned by an injudicious repetition; and it is also true that six performances of *Elijah* realised a profit of £326; but it must be remembered that £190 of this sum accrued in consequence of Her Most Gracious Majesty having been present at one performance. *Elijah*, for a new oratorio, was a rare and lucky speculation. At the end of 1847 the Society possessed in cash and consols £1,400. Already, under the new regime, they have issued a circular complaining of their great expenses and the shattered state of their finances. The old plan of management brought the Society into a thriving state. Old favorite oratorios were performed for a profit, whilst new works were produced as frequently as the Society could afford to lose by them. The new plan adopted by the present managers is to encourage high art, to avail themselves of the services of great men, and get rid of incompetents. They wish for improvement by great leaps. Will they succeed in their noble aim?—or will they be in the position of him, who, having laid the foundation of his house without having counted the cost, was unable to proceed with it? Some of their plans of improvement are curious. Whilst they have got rid of what they supposed great incompetents, they retain and increase the little ones. Instead of carefully weeding their orchestra they have added to its numbers, bringing in many of the lame, the halt, and the blind. It has been my ill fortune to sit near to some who sing villanously, and if members of the Committee insist upon the right of themselves and friends to scrape and sing, how can it be prevented.

The press, dazzled by the conducting of M. Costa, and the band and chorus being kept in something like order, by the engagement of a number of professionals, which the Society can ill afford, is at present loud in its encomiums; but it will not be long in discovering that an over-powering crash is not music, and that the proper rendering of oratorios must be sought for in perfection of execution rather than in a stunning noise from an unwieldy mass of performers—good, bad, and indifferent. They had far better do as was done with the great draught of fishes, "collect the good and cast the bad away." Nor can their choruses be steady so long as they persist in stuffing a number of unhappy singers into the pigeon-holes at the side of the organ, where they can neither see nor hear. In the mean time, a great rival society is rising beside them, which seems to stand in this position: Using as it does the very same professional materials for its band and chorus, it reaps all the advantage of Costa's conducting, without incurring any of the expense. This was most apparent at the last performance of the *Messiah*.

The Old Society labours—the New Society enters into those labours. The former pays the piper—the latter pockets the profits. While the interests of the public are better studied where a little wholesome competition exists, it is seldom advantageous to the competing parties. Owing to its enormous expenses, the Old Society must be at present great losers; unless they can raise their prices of admission to fill the Hall, or considerably reduce their expenses, your prediction must be verified, and the new regime having "gone up like a rocket, must come down like the stick."

I remain, Sir, your obedient servant,

Dec. 4, 1848. R. St.

"NON NOBIS DOMINE," &c.

(To the Editor of the Musical World.)

Sir,—If your correspondent, "Motivo," wishes to have the advantage of my opinion on the subject of this Canon, I think he might have brought my name forward in a more gentlemanly manner. But, Mr. Editor, as you justly intend to put a stop to unpleasant personalities, perhaps he will discontinue this style of address. I am sure Mr. R. Schuman would "accuse us of lack of courtesy, and with great justice too," if we all went about soliciting opinions in the rough manner I am accosted by "Motivo," whose motive I cannot exactly understand. But to the question. I am no researcher after musical antiquarian documents: I would be so if I thought they could advance art; but, believing that the music of the earliest writers evinces less profundity than crudeness in their schools of composition, I feel no delight in the past-time. The Canon, "*Non Nobis Domine*," is a pleasing one (but not of the earliest school of writing.) The mistreatment of a dissonance in it is not more agreeable by constantly repeating this short production. And as noble compositions will never be damaged by repetition, I should rather prefer (although I do not think it) to give Mozart the credit of it than Byrde; because his (Mozart's) immortal fame cannot be touched by so small a defect. If, however, the Canon be Byrde's, it is well worthy of him, and consequently gratifying to Englishmen. I can give no further account of this Canon, but Dr. Rimbault may be better able to satisfy your correspondent's inquiry as to its authenticity.

One sentence of my letter respecting the nature of the minor mode requires correction, wherein I observed, "*gives a series of whole tones*," I ought to have said, both series closing on whole tones (thus from E flat to F, and from B flat to C,) produces a scale without light and shade, and without an ending.

I think you will agree with me, Mr. Editor, that Mr. Barnett's remarks on "Teutonium's" theoretical principles are somewhat just, although unguardedly expressed. "A system of harmony based upon acoustic sounds" has often been tried and has always failed. If compositions contained no other peculiarities of combinations than are produced by vibrations they would be wanting of that variety and beauty which they possess in the hands of a great master. The simplest composition on record upsets the system of vibration. Inventing concords and discords is no principle found to exist in nature; it is an act of man which the ear sanctions. It is utterly impossible to get all the chords by appealing to the laws of vibration, consequently we don't want their agency for this purpose. Vibration is, as I have before termed it, but a quiet law of nature, and it may be soon disturbed without any injury whatever to a composition. Permit me, in conclusion, to express my gratitude to you, Mr. Editor, for having openly avowed your opinion of me. I would not misrepresent or print a lie: self-preservation, to say nothing of inclination, would preserve me from doing so. What I write to-day (as it were) shall never be a disgrace to my character to-morrow.—I am, Sir, yours much obliged.

FRENCH FLOWERS.

MISCELLANEOUS.

CARLOTTA GRILL.—The Queen of Dancers is at present in Hamburg. No sooner was her arrival made known to the manager of the principal theatre than he offered her an engagement for 20 performances, on her own terms. The proposal was acceded to by Carlotta, who will consequently remain in Hamburg for a month at least.

M. PANOFKA.—This able and highly esteemed professor of the violin, composer, and *feuilletonist* has arrived in London from Manchester. M. Panofka will pass the winter, and probably the ensuing season, in our metropolis.

MR. BEALE is in Paris, treating for the copyright of Halevy's new opera, the *Val d'Andorre*, which has met with such success at the *Opera Comique*.

BALFE having concluded his *tournee* with Jenny Lind has started to join his family in Paris. We wish him *bon voyage*, and hope that he will make the best of his time in Paris, and finish the opera he has been about so long.

MR. GEORGE BARBER has given his musical entertainment in several provincial towns with success.

MISS RANSFORD's third *Soiree Musicale* is postponed till Monday week.

THE DIRECTOR OF THE ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA has purchased the copyright of the *Prophete*, with the intention of producing it early in the season at Covent Garden. Meyerbeer, it is said, will come to London to superintend the rehearsals.

MENDELSSOHN's *Elijah* will be performed by the "Classical Harmonist Society," at Bristol, on Monday, December 18th. The vocalists and instrumentalists engaged from London, are Miss Birch, Miss A. Williams, and Miss M. Williams; Mr. Lockey, Mr. Henry Phillips, Mr. Hatton, Mr. Kreutzer, Mr. Howell, Mr. Card, Mr. Nicholson, Mr. Baumann, Mr. Jarrett, Leader, Mr. H. C. Cooper; Conductor, Mr. P. J. Smith. The *Elijah* will be given at Bath on the following evening by the same party. The band and chorus will consist of nearly seventy performers.

LABLACHE, whose engagement at the *Italiens* commenced the latter end of November, arrived in Paris the very night previous to the closing of the theatre.

MESSRS. DELAFIELD and Webster are in Paris, making arrangements for the forthcoming season at the Royal Italian Opera.

MADLIE JENNY LIND and Mr. Lumley have returned to town, after a brilliant and profitable tour in the provinces.

LEEDS.—A concert given by Madlie Jenny Lind, for the benefit of the orchestral performers who attended her during the late tour, produced nearly 1,200*l.*, which gave a handsome sum to each artist. Balfé (conductor) had £100, Nadaud (leader) £65, and £32 each for the others.

MR. J. L. HATTON has begun giving his entertainments at New York. He sings comic songs, plays classical music, and does all sorts of things. The local papers speak highly of him, but complain of his flattering Yankee prejudices, by executing "*Yankee Doodle*" in public.

SOCIETY OF BRITISH MUSICIANS.—The third and last concert takes place on Monday, in the Hanover Square Rooms.

MR. G. A. MACFARREN.—We hear, with pleasure, that this admirable musician is about shortly to return from the United States. He has finished a comic opera, of which we hear the most flattering accounts.

SIMPLE MUSIC.—Simple compositions have at all times operated more powerfully upon individuals and people than complicated scientific compositions; and, therefore, it can be nothing but idle speculation to pretend that, in modern times, music hath either no longer that wonderful power which it had among the ancients, or that their music was then in its infancy, compared with the more harmonious and the more scientific development of ours. The power of music is still undiminished; its application to youth, and to the people, has only to be learnt. As simple music, then, produces the greatest effect, why should not every one find an opportunity to learn it? In order to make the instruction in this art a really moral

instruction, a powerful agent in the advancement and progress of individuals and nations, let us associate the simplest music with the best and noblest lines of poetical composition. Let us, with songs and poetry, with lessons of lofty thought and practical truth, store the memory of the young. What we are taught to sing, we never forget. The songs which we learnt in our youth, are the sweetest and most lasting recollections of man.—*Music and Education, by Dr. Mainzer.*

JENNY LIND.—"The marriage of Jenny Lind with the celebrated tenor, Gardoni, is announced."—*Journal des Arts.* [Of course Gardoni will be tried for bigamy. Ed.]

SACRED HARMONIC SOCIETY.—The *Messiah* was repeated last night under Mr. Costa's direction. The Hall was crowded.

COVENT GARDEN closed last night. The performances are suspended until the 26th, when a new opera and a Christmas pantomime will be presented.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

LA SONNAMBULA.

CHEAP EDITION.

To be Completed in Four or Five Monthly Parts, small 4to., 2s. 6d. each.

On the 1st of December was Published the First Part of a New, Cheap and Complete Edition of this celebrated Opera, for Voice and Piano, with the English Version, as performed at the Theatres Royal, in addition to the Italian Text. The Proprietors of "La Sonnambula" are now, therefore, about to present the Public with a very superior Edition of that machless Opera, at One third of the Original Price.

"La Sonnambula" will form the 5th Vol. of their New and Cheap Series of Operas, entitled the "STANDARD LYRIC DRAMA," the first three being FIGARO, NORMA, and BARBIERE.

"These Volumes deserve great praise."—*Times.*

T. BOOSEY and CO., HOLLES STREET.

ANOTHER ENLARGEMENT OF THE WEEKLY DISPATCH.

THIS JOURNAL, at present the largest in existence—unrivalled for its early intelligence and uncompromising advocacy of the Rights of Mankind—will be

ENLARGED On and after SUNDAY, the 7th of JANUARY, 1849, to SIXTEEN PAGES

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And thus accommodate Four Readers at one and the same time. The columns of the DISPATCH will still continue to be enriched by the powerful contributions of

"PUBICOLA," "CAUSTIC," "CENSORIUS," ELIZA COOK, and other writers eminently distinguished for their literary attainments, and whose opinions have ever advocated the cause of the People, in opposition to tyranny and injustice. It may also be observed, that the POOR MAN will always RECEIVE LEGAL ADVICE and assistance, as heretofore, from the DISPATCH.

A beautiful New Type has been cast, on which the DISPATCH will next year be printed.

Advertisers are respectfully requested to forward their advertisements on or before Friday Afternoon, otherwise no attention can be paid to them for the current number.

To prevent disappointment, early orders should be given to Mr. R. J. WOOD 139, Fleet Street, to whom Post-Office Orders may be made payable, or to any of the News-venders, in Town and Country.

UNDER THE IMMEDIATE PATRONAGE OF
HER MOST GRACIOUS MAJESTY THE QUEEN,
HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN DOWAGER,
AND
HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS PRINCE ALBERT.

EXETER HALL.

ON FRIDAY EVENING, THE 15TH OF DECEMBER, 1848.

A GRAND PERFORMANCE OF MENDELSSOHN'S SACRED ORATORIO.

ELIJAH.

PRINCIPAL PERFORMERS.

Madlle. JENNY LIND,

(Who has most liberally offered her gratuitous services on this occasion.)

Miss A. WILLIAMS.

Miss DOLBY.

Miss M. WILLIAMS.

Mr. LOCKEY.

Mr. H. PHILLIPS.

Mr. BENSON.

Mr. SMYTHSON.

Mr. J. A. NOVELLO.

Organist, Mr. H. SMART. Conductor, Mr. BENEDICT.

The Band and Chorus will be on the most complete scale possible, full

particulars of which will be duly announced.

The Committee of Management for this Performance have the pleasure of announcing that they have received the most cordial co-operation from the Sacred Harmonic Society, and from the Members of Mr. Hullah's Upper Schools.

Tickets, Half-a-Guinea; Reserved Seats, One Guinea. To be had a Messrs. CRAMER and Co., Regent Street; and CHAPPEL, New Bond Street. Doors open at Half-past Six, the Performance to begin at Half-past Seven, precisely.

* Donations in aid of the proposed Mendelssohn Scholarship will be received by any Member of the Committee.

THEATRE ROYAL DRURY LANE.

LAST WEEK.

M. JULLIEN'S BENEFIT.

M. JULLIEN begs most respectfully to announce, that his BENEFIT will take place

TO-MORROW, MONDAY, DEC. 11TH, 1848,

being most positively the Last Night but Five of his Concerts.

M. JULLIEN has composed, expressly for this occasion, a New

CALEDONIAN QUADRILLE.

founded on Scotch Melodies, which will be played for the First Time.

The Programme will also include, a New Polka entitled the "Caroline"—the "Drum Polka"—Beethoven's celebrated Symphony in C Minor, by the combined power of the Concert Band and the Four Military Bands—"God save the Queen,"—the "Army" Quadrille, &c., &c.

Full particulars will be found in the Bills of the Day.

THEATRE ROYAL DRURY LANE.

GRAND BAL MASQUE.

M. JULLIEN

Has the honor to announce that the Grand Annual

BAL MASQUE

WILL TAKE PLACE ON

MONDAY, DECEMBER 18th,

And begs to assure the Nobility, Gentry, and his Patrons in general, that the Entertainment will be one of unequalled brilliancy.

Tickets for the Ball, 10s. 6d.

SPECTATORS.

Dress Circle - - - - - 5s.

Boxes - - - - - 3s.

Lower Gallery - - - - - 2s.

Upper Gallery - - - - - 1s.

Private Boxes, from £3 3s. upwards.

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